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The German Student's Story.

I have myself, said Kreutzner, witnessed many duels; but we are not so blood-thirsty, generally speaking, as you moral Americans. We usually settle these matters with a sword, a better method, by the way, and more worthy of a soldier, than your cold, murderous pistol-firing. Any poltroon may pull the trigger, but it requires the firm and steady eye of a man to manage the steel. However, as I was saying, when I was at Jena they called each other out as merrily as beaux and belles to a dance. It was but the trading on a toe—the brushing of an elbow; nay, an accidental look that fell on them when they wished not observation, and the next day, or, by St. Andrew, the next hour there was a clash of steel, and the stamping of feet on the greensward; and the kindling and flashing of fiery eyes—and plunge and parry, and cut and thrust, till one or both lay stretched at length; a pass through the body—a gash opened in the cheek—the scull cleft down, or a hand off, and the blood bubbling and gushing forth like a full of mountain water. There were more than one of those fellows—devils, I must say, who, when they found among them some strange student, timid or retired with whose character they were unacquainted, or whose courage they doubted, would pass the hint out of mere sport; brush his skirt, charge the offence upon him, demand apology too humble for a hare, and dismiss him from the adventure only with an opened shouldered, or daylight through his body.

There was among us one fellow named Mentz, who assumed, and wore with impunity, the character of head bully. He was foremost in all the devilry. His pistol was death, and his broadsword cut like the scissoring of fate. It was curious to see the fellow fire—one, two, three, and good-bye to his antagonists. His friendship was courted by all; for to be his enemy was to lie in a bloody grave. At length, grow weary of being called to account, he took pride in insulting strangers, and even women. His appearance was formidable; a great burly giant, with shaggy black hair, huge whiskers, and grim mustaches, three inches long, twisted under his nose. A sort of beauty he had too; and among the women—heaven help us—wherever these mustaches showed themselves every opponent abandoned the ground. It was, at last, really dangerous to have a sweetheart; for out of pure bravado Mentz would push forward, make love to the lady, frighten her swain, and either terrify or fascinate herself. Should the doomed lover offer resistance, he had no more to do but to call a surgeon; and happy enough he considered himself if he escaped with the loss of his teeth or an eye. He had killed four men who never had injured him—wounded seventeen, and fought twenty duels. He once challenged a whole club, who had blackballed him anonymously; and was pacified only by being re-admitted, though all the members immediately resigned, and the club was broken up.

At last there came a youth into the university—slender, quiet, and boyish-looking, with a handsome face, though somewhat pale. His demeanor, though generally shy, was noble and self-possessed. He had been but a short time among us, however, before he was set down as a cowardly creature, and prime game for the 'devils broke loose,' as the gang of Mentz termed themselves. The coy youth shunned all the riots and revels of the university—insulted no one; and if his mantle brushed against that of another, apologized so immediately, so gracefully, and so gentle, that the devil himself could not have fixed a quarrel upon him. It soon appeared, too, that Gertrude the lovely daughter of the Baron de Saale, the toast of all the country, upon whom the most of us have gazed on as something quite above us, it soon appeared that the girl loved this youthful stranger. Now Mentz had singled Gertrude out for himself, and avowed his preference publicly. Arnold, for thus was the new student called, was rarely, if ever, tempted to our feasts; but once he came unexpectedly on a casual invitation. To the great surprise and interest of the company, Mentz himself was there, and seated himself unbidden at the table, though an unbidden guest. The strongest curiosity at once arose to witness the result, for Mentz had sworn that he would compel Arnold, on their first meeting, to beg pardon on his knees for the audacity of having addressed his mistress. It had not appeared that Arnold knew any thing of Mentz's character, for he sat cheerfully and gaily at the board, with so much of the manners of a high-born gentleman, that every one admitted at once his goodness, his grace, and his beauty; and regretted the abyss on the brink of which he unconsciously stood.

'What, ho!' at length shouted Mentz, as the evening had a little advanced, and the wine began to mount: 'a toast! come—drink it all; and he who refuses is a poltroon and a coward. I quaff this goblet—fill to the brim—to the health and happiness of Gertrude de Saale—the fairest of the fair! Who says he knows a fairer is a black liar, and I will write the word on his forehead with a red-hot brand.'

Every goblet was emptied but one, which stood untouched—untouched. On perceiving this, the ruffian, leaned forward, fixed his eyes on the cup, struck his brawny hand fiercely on the table, which returned a thundering crash and rattle, and then repented, in a voice husky with rage.

'There is a cup full; by St. Antony! I will make the owner swallow its measures of molten lead, if it remain thus one instant longer.'

'Drink it, Arnold—drink it, boy; keep thy hand out of useless broils,' whispered a student near him, rather advanced in age.

'Drink, friend! muttered another, dryly, 'for he will not be slow in doing his threat, I promise thee.'

'Empty the cup, man!' cried a third; 'never frown and turn pale, or thy young head will lie lower than thy feet ere to-morrow's sunset.'

'It is Mentz the duelist,' said a fourth. 'Dost thou not know his wondrous skill? He will kill thee as if thou wert a deer, if thou oppose him in his wine. He is more merciless than a wild boar. Drink, man, drink!'

During this interesting scene, the youth had remained motionless, cool and silent. A slight palour, but evidently more of indignation than fear, came over his handsome features; and his eyes dilated with emotion, resting full and firm upon Mentz.

By the mass, gentleman! he said at length, 'I am a stranger here, and ignorant of the manners prevalent in Universities; but if yonder person be sane, and this no joke—'

'Joke!' thundered Mentz, foaming at the lip.

'I must tell you that I come from a part of the country where we neither give nor take such jokes, or such insults.'

'Hast thou taken leave of thy friends?' said Mentz, partly hushed by astonishment; 'and art thou tired of life that thou hurriest on so blindly to a bloody pillow? Boy! drink as I have told thee, to Gertrude, fairest of the fair! And his full round eyes opened, like those of a bull upon a daring victim.'

'That Gertrude de Saale is fair and lovely,' cried the youth, 'may not be denied by me. But—I demand by what mischance I find her name thus common at a board of rioters, and polluted by the lips of a drunkard and a ruffian?'

'By the bones of my father,' said Mentz, in a tone of deep and dire anger, which had ere then appalled many a stout heart—'by the bones of my father, your doom is sealed! Be your blood on your own head. But, said he, observing that the youth, instead of cowering, bore himself more loftily, 'what folly is this! Drink, lad, drink! and I hurt thee not! I love thy gallant bearing, and my game is not such as thou.'

He added this with a wavering of manner which had never before been witnessed in him, for never before had he been opposed so calmly and so fiercely; and, for a moment, he quailed beneath the fiery glances darted at him from one whom he supposed meekler than the dove. But, ashamed of his transient fear, he added; 'Come to me, poor child! Bring with thee thy goblet—bend at my foot—quaff it as I have said, and—out of pity—I spare thy young head.'

What was the astonishment of the company on beholding Arnold, as if effectually awed by a moment's reflection, and the ferocious enmity of so celebrated and deadly a foe, actually do as he was commanded. He rose, took the cup slowly approached the seat of his insulter—knelt and raised the rim to his lips. Murmurs of shame, shame, poltroon, coward! came hot and thick from the group of spectators who had arisen in the excitement of their curiosity, and stood eagerly bending forward, with every eye fixed on the object of their contempt. A grim smile of savage triumph distorted the features of Mentz, who shouted with a hoarse and drunken laugh—

'Drink deep—down with it—to the dregs!'

Arnold, however, only raised the rim to his lips, and waited a moment's silence, with an expression so scornful and composed, that the hisses and exclamations were again quelled; when every sound had ceased to a dead silence.

'Never,' he said, 'shall I refuse to drink to the glory of a name I once loved and honored—Gertrude, fairest of the fair! But,' he added, suddenly rising and drawing up his figure, with a dignity that silenced every breath, 'for thee, thou drunken, bragging, foolish beast! I scorn, I spit upon, I defy thee! And thus be punished thy base, brutal insolence, and thy stupid presumption.'

As he spoke he dashed the contents of the ample goblet full into the face of Mentz; and then, with all his strength, hurled the massive goblet itself at the same mark. The giant reeled and staggered a few paces back; and, amid the shining liquor on his drenched clothes and

dripping features, a stream of blood was observed to trickle down his forehead.

Never before was popular feeling more suddenly and violently reversed. The object of their vilest execrations flashed upon them with the immediate brightness of a superior being. A loud and irrepressible burst of applause broke from every lip, till the broad and heavy rafters above their heads, and the very foundations of the floor, shook and trembled. But the peal of joy and approbation soon ceased; for although this inspiring drama had so nobly commenced, it was uncertain how it might terminate. Before the tyrant recovered from the stunned and bewildered trance into which the blow, combined with shame, grief, astonishment, and drunkenness, had thrown him, several voices, after the obstreperous call for silence usual on such occasions, addressed the youth, who stood cool and erect, with folded arms, waiting the course of events.

'Brave Arnold! Noble Arnold! A gallant deed! The blood of a true gentleman in his veins!'

'But, canst thou fight?' cried one.

'I am only a simple student, and an artist by profession. I have devoted myself to the pencil—not the sword.'

'But though canst use it a little—canst thou?' asked another.

'But indifferently,' answered the youth.

'And how art thou with a pistol?' demanded a third.

'My hand is unpractised,' replied Arnold. 'I have no skill in shedding human blood.'

'Fore heaven! then, rash boy, what has tempted thee to this fatal extremity?'

'Hated of oppression,' replied the youth, 'in all its forms; and a willingness to die rather than submit to insult.'

'He, then, thou shalt! and that ere to-morrow's sun shall set!' thundered Mentz, starting up in a frenzy, and with a hoarse and broken voice that made the hearts of the hearers shudder as if at the howl of a dog or a demon. 'I challenge thee to mortal combat.'

'And I except the challenge.'

'It is for thee to name time, place, and weapon; but as thou lovest me, let it not be longer than to-morrow night, or I shall burst with rage and impatience.'

'I love thee not, base dog!' replied Arnold; 'but thou shalt not die so ingloriously a death. I will fight thee, therefore to night.'

'By heaven, boy!' cried Mentz, more and more surprised, 'thou art in haste to sup in hell! and the ruffian lowered his voice. 'Art thou mad?'

'Be that my chance,' answered Arnold; 'I shall not be likely to meet even in hell a companion so brutal as thou—unless, which I mean shall be the case, thou bear me company.'

'To night then be it,' said Mentz; 'though to night my hand is not steady; for wine and anger are no friends to the nerves.'

'Dost thou refuse me, then?' demanded the youth with a sneer.

'By the mass, no! but to night is dark; the moon is down; the stars are clouded, and the wind goes by in heavy puffs and gusts. Hear it even now.'

'Therefore,' said the youth, apparently more coldly composed as his fierce rival grew more perceptibly agitated—'therefore will we lay down our lives here—on this spot—on this instant—even as thou standest now.'

'There is no one who will be my friend,' said Mentz; so evidently sobered and subdued by the singular composure and self-possession of his antagonist, that all present held him in contempt, and no one stirred.

'No matter,' cried Arnold; 'I will myself forego the same privilege.'

'And your weapons?' said Mentz.

'Are here,' cried Arnold drawing them from his bosom; 'a surer pair never drew blood.—The choice is yours.'

The company began now to fancy that Arnold had equivocated in disclaiming his skill as a duelist, and from his invincible composure, thought him a more fatal master of the weapon than the bully himself. The latter also partook of this opinion.

'Young man,' he cried in a voice clouded and low, but stopped, and said no farther.

'Your choice!' said Arnold, presenting the pistols.

Mentz seized one desperately, and said—'Now name your distance.'

'Blood-thirsty wolf!' said Arnold, 'there shall be no distance!' He then turned and addressed the company.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'deem me not either savage or insane, that I sacrifice myself and this brutal wretch thus before your eyes, and to certain and instant destruction. For me, I confess I have no value in life. Her whom I loved I have sworn to forget; and if I existed a thousand years, should probably never see her again. This ruffian is a coward, and fears to die; though he does not fear daily to merit death. I have long heard of his baseness, and regard him as an assassin—the enemy of the human race and of God—a dangerous beast, whom it will be a mercy and a virtue to destroy. My own life I would well be rid of, but would not fling it away idly, when its loss may be made subservient to the destruction of vice and the relief of humanity. Here, then, I yield

my breath; and here, too, this trembling and shrinking craven shall close his course of debauchery and murder. My companions, farewell; should any one of you hereafter chance to meet with Gertrude de Saale, tell her I nobly flung away a life which her falsehood had made me despise. And now, recreant,' he said, in a fierce tone, turning suddenly toward Mentz, 'plant thy pistol to my bosom, as I will plant mine to thine. Let one of the company cry three, and the third number be the signal to fire.'

With an increased paleness in his countenance, but with even more ferocity and firmness, Arnold threw off his cap, displaying his high brow and glossy ringlets. His lips were closed and firm; and his eyes, which glistened with a deadly glare, were fixed on Mentz. He then placed himself in an attitude of firing, broadened his exposed chest full before his foe, and with a stamp of fury and impatience raised the weapon. The brow-beaten bully attempted to do the same; but the pistol, held loosely in his grasp, whether by accident or intention, went off before the signal. Its contents passed through the garments of Arnold, who, levelling the muzzle of his own, cried calmly—'On your knees, base slave! vile dog! or you die!'

Unable any longer to support his frame, the unmasked coward sunk on both knees, and prayed for life with right earnest vehemence. Again wild shouts of applause and delight, and peals of riotous laughter, stunned his ears. As he rose from his humiliating posture, Arnold touched him contemptuously with his foot—'Groans and hisses now began to be mingled with several missiles? Mentz covered his face with his hands, and rushed from the room. He was never subsequently seen among us.

From the American Popular Library.

Worcester Rail-Road.

It is known to all the world, at least to that part of it which has ever heard of the good city of Boston, that it is situated on a peninsula, with a long neck; and our omnibus is going out in a southerly direction through the street which comes in over the neck, and extends, with no interruption, through with many a curve into the heart of the city. After riding half a mile thus, through a street of shops, we pull the coach bell opposite the Worcester rail-road office, and dismounting, we find our way among the crowd of travelers who are arriving in hacks and chaises, down to the train of cars, which are standing under the long sheds, with the locomotive engine puffing impatiently before them. The engineer's men are busy oiling the wheels and storing the fuel. The captain of the cars is arranging the passengers & securing the baggage-house, an edifice on wheels, deserving the name of house quite as much, whether we consider its size or commodiousness, as half the residences of the Irishmen who have constructed the road. Groups of idlers stand about, staring at the cars and the engine, and watching the movements of the engineer, who seems proud of the high spirited horse he is to drive. He stands at his post, turning the steam-cocks every now and then with great gravity, to ascertain the condition of his boiler.

By and by all is ready. We are seated with twenty or thirty others, in what might be called a spacious apartment, considering that it is in the interior of a coach, with a broad aisle up and down the interior, and stuffed seats on both sides. Or if we choose a snugger box, we take a differently constructed car in another part of the train; it is divided into compartments, one of which we may fill, if we choose, with our own little company. When all is ready the bell gives notice to the engineer. The engine puffs and gives a pull, the whole train starts with a heavy jerk, and then trudges on slowly. The carmen trot along by the side, securing the doors and trolley in the tardy passengers, and then leaping up, one after another, and clinging to the steps of the cars; the speed increases, and in a few moments we are rolling on with immense force and velocity over the long viaduct which stretches on piles over the extensive marsh, which in this direction separates the peninsula of Boston from the main land. We cross roads and bridges, sometimes over marshes and sometimes over water, until we reach the undulating upland, and then fly on, now shooting across a plain, now riding along over a high embankment over a ravine, now winding through a fruitful and luxuriant valley. The horses feeding in the pastures look at us as a moment and then gallop away. Men, women, and children stop to gaze; and the workmen employed in smoothing off and finishing the road (for in America very few great undertakings are yet finished) stop and lean upon their hoe handle, apparently bracing themselves up by them, as if our velocity made them dizzy.

Before trying the rail-road, the traveler always thinks he shall be afraid; and, in fact, for the first fifteen minutes of the motion, most riders do feel a little pale. When running along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, within six inches of the brink of an embankment twenty feet high, one can hardly help speculating a little on the precise nature of the evolution which would be performed if the train should, by any mistake, get off the track. Then, again, as the course of the cars is so precisely determined, there is no need of waste room when passing

near the railing of a bridge, or the perpendicular wall of ragged rocks which forms the side of a cut through a hill. You shoot suddenly along such a wall, apparently within a few inches of it, and that without a moment's warning; for perhaps but an instant before, you were high in the air, running upon the top of an embankment; and as you dart by the sharp projecting rocks, which seem almost to rasp the side of the car, you can hardly help thinking what would have become of your head, if by any accident you had happened to be looking out to see where you were going. These feelings are, however, soon over; you begin before long to place confidence in the faithfulness of the wheels in running upon their proper track, and you learn to keep your head in the coach, where it ought to be. The excited imagination becomes calm, and you give yourself up to the intoxicating pleasure produced by the speed of your flight, as you roll along with just enough of irregularity in the motion to make you feel how swift it is. You have, at least, half the pleasure of actual flying, the speed, though not the elevation. You lose, after a very short time, all sense of danger, for there are no tips and slewings and joltings, as in a stage coach, to remind you perpetually of the possibility of an upset. In traveling it is not danger, but fear of danger which causes suffering; and when drawn by a moving steam-engine over a couple of rails, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, whatever may be the actual danger itself, you soon lose all fear. Thus we go bowling along through hills and over valleys, across cornfields and orchards, and over roads and rivers, now sweeping round a majestic curve, now flying down a long but imperceptible descent, now stopping at a landing place to let some of our passengers out and others hurry in, and now pausing a moment at a stationary boiler to give our copper steed a breathing spell, and refresh him with a drink. He is a temperate animal; keep him warm and give him plenty of water, and he will work for you incessantly, without food or sleep.

Freedom of the Mind.

That mind alone is free, which, looking to God as the inspirer and rewarder of virtue, adopts his law, written on the heart and in his word, as its supreme rule, and which, in obedience to this, governs itself, reverses itself, exerts faithfully its best powers, and unfolds itself by well doing, in whatever sphere God's providence assigns.

It has pleased the All-wise Disposer to encompass us from our birth, by difficulty and allurements; to place us in a world where wrong doing is often gainful, and duty rough and perilous; where many voices oppose the dictates of the inward monitor, where the body presses as a weight on the mind, and matter, by its perpetual agency on the senses, becomes a barrier between us and the spiritual world. We are in the midst of influences, which menace the intellect and the heart.

I call that mind free, which masters the senses; which protects itself against animal appetites; which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy; which penetrates beneath the body, and recognizes its own reality and greatness; which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting, and seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free, which escapes the bondage of matter; which, instead of stopping at the material universe, and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its Author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it every where bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free, which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers; which calls no man master; which does not content itself with a passion, or hereditary faith; which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come; which receives new truth as an angel from heaven; which, while consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supercede, but to quicken its own energies.

I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love; which is not imprisoned in itself, or in a sect; which recognizes in all human beings the image of God, and the rights of his children; which delights in virtue, and sympathizes with suffering, wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger, and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances; which is not swept away by the torrent of events; which is not the creature of accidental impulse; but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society; which does not cower to human opinion; which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's; which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave, or tool of the many or the few.

I call that mind free, which, through confidence in God and in true virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong doing; which no menace or peril can enthrall; which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

I call that mind free, which resists the bondage of habit; which does not mechanically repeat itself, and copy the past; which does not live on its old virtues; which does not enslave itself to precise rules; but which forgets what is behind, listens for new and higher motions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free, which is jealous of its own freedom; which guards itself from being merged in others; which regards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

In fine, I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospects of immortality.

From the Louisiana Advertiser.

LYNCH LAW—FIVE GAMBLERS HUNG WITHOUT TRIAL.

Outrage at Vicksburg.—Several Lives Lost.

We have just learned the particulars of this horrible affair unfolding by one of the steamboats yesterday.—It appears that some persons had kept a gambling house at Vicksburg for some time, and as usual in similar establishments, had their pimps and their decoys employed, inveigling inexperienced young men into the lion's den, where they were invariably fleeced of all they possessed, and frequently ill-treated by the conductors.

The inhabitants determined to abate the nuisance, had held several meetings, and given notice repeatedly to the offenders to quit the city by a certain time, or suffer the consequences of an outraged community. The day at length arrived when the committee waited on them, and told them that their passage was paid for on board a steamboat, and quit they must! they positively refused—the committee retired to deliberate and again returned, but the house was closed, and whilst endeavoring to gain admittance, several shots were fired from the windows, one of which struck Dr. Bodley, the chairman of the committee, and caused his immediate death. Another gentleman of respectability, was severely wounded, and the rest of the bullets passed through the hats of the other members of the committee.

The townspeople immediately assembled, broke open the house, seized five men, the only inmates, dragged them to the public square, and HANGED them INSTANTLY!! They posted sentries, and gave notice that any person who approached them for 24 hours would be served likewise. All the money, which was a large amount, was piled upon a table before the suspended bodies, and the committee paid it away to all who could prove they had lost money at the house. About twelve or fifteen persons in connection with the house, started for this city in haste to avoid a similar fate.

These are the particulars as we have heard them—we shall make no comments upon so dreadful an occurrence, hoping the account has been exaggerated.

Since the above was in type, we have heard that Dr. Bodley was murdered in the gaming house, after having won a considerable sum of money at the table, which was the original cause of this execution of summary justice, or Lynch law as it is called. The persons executed, were Mr. North, who kept a tavern, Dutch Bill, his bar-keeper, Mr. Samuel Smith, Mr. Callum and Mr. McCall.

FROM MISSISSIPPI.

The New Orleans paper by yesterday's mails furnish the following additional accounts of the executions which have taken place at Livingston and Vicksburg:

The Louisiana Adv. of the 13th, says:—"The statement in our paper of Saturday of the horrible excesses committed at Vicksburg, on Monday last, being in some respects incorrect, we hasten to lay before the public authentic accounts, which have been communicated to us by two gentlemen just arrived from that troubled city, and eye witnesses to most of the transactions. They state that the excitement is so great in that hitherto tranquil place, that most of the women have left it to avoid any future commotion. We have further to state that the additional paragraph in our account, stating that Dr. Bodley had had some quarrel in the gaming house, after having won a considerable sum of money, is altogether erroneous, as we have been assured that Dr. B. was never known to frequent such places, but on the contrary was strongly opposed to them.

Some difficulty arose at the public dinner given in celebration of the 4th of July, as too often happens on similar occasions, between Mr. Fisher, who belonged to the volunteer company, and Mr. Francis Collier. From words they proceeded to blows. Mr. C. having drawn a knife upon his opponent, the company, taking the part of their comrade, seized him, bound him to a tree, and inflicted thirty-two lashes upon his person!

Not considering that sufficient, they tarred and feathered him, alleging that he was a gambler; he entreated them to shoot him rather than disgrace him in that manner, and begged of them not to let the tar fall into his eyes as they poured it over his head; but the person he addressed, instead of complying with his request, struck him violently across the eyes! He was then released and ordered to quit the city in 24 hours.

The next day, in order to appear consistent, and continue their work of civilization, (as they called it) they went forth in military array, to pull down, tear out, and demolish every thing appertaining to gambling; and tar and feather any who should oppose them—law or no law,

notwithstanding! Some wished to protect their property, but their hearts failed them when they saw the excitement of the volunteers. One at length determined to stay in Mr. North's House, to protect himself from being tarred, and to secure the house and grocery from destruction. He had fastened the doors, but on Mr. Bodley's kicking one of them open, some shots were exchanged; the consequence of which was that Mr. Bodley was killed upon the spot, and one of the inmates of the house, a person named Collum, or as we have heard since, Helms, was so wounded as to have been totally insensible to the subsequent punishment inflicted on his body, whilst suspended with the rest upon the gallows. He was hauled upon a drag and thrown upon the scaffold disfigured as he was, and covered with blood!

Three more individuals were taken in the house, the bar keeper, called Dutch Bill, Mr. Samuel Smith, and Mr. McCall. North, who had previously quitted it, and was endeavoring to make his escape by water, was arrested about a mile from the city, and brought back; his hands were tied behind him, and he was obliged to walk with the rest, who had been similarly bound; each having a rope around his neck, which was frequently jerked so violently as nearly to choke them! In this manner they were conducted to the scaffold, which is a permanent building, and executed without further interruption! No cap, nor other covering, was used, and the unfortunate sufferers presented such a horrible appearance that the passers by were moved even a year! Some of them endeavored to interfere, but were threatened with a similar punishment, and obliged to desist.

These unfortunate men claimed to be the privilege of American citizens; the trial by jury, and professed themselves willing to submit to any thing their country would legally inflict upon them. But we are sorry to say their petition was in vain! The black musicians were ordered to strike up, and the voices of the suppliants were drowned by the life and drum. Mr. Riddell, the Cashier of the Planter's Bank, ordered them to play Yankee Doodle! a tune, which we believe, has never been so prostituted before—and we trust will never be again. The unhappy sufferers frequently implored a drink of water; they were refused. Mr. North seems to have had some presentiment of the violence to which they would be subjected, as he requested a friend of his, Mr. Mitchell to protect his family if any thing happened to him.

Dr. Bodley's brother, or Hest, his brother-in-law, is stated to have cut the rope, by which four of the unfortunate men were launched into eternity. Mr. Winfield threw the nearly helpless body of Helms (or Collum) from the scaffold, which presented a sight shocking to humanity!

The company consisted of 30 or 40 persons commanded by Captain Baumgard, and armed by the U. S. for a very different purpose, that of protecting the rights of citizens and maintaining the supremacy of the laws. Such conduct would disgrace Algiers, and could hardly have occurred in a barbarous state.

The wife of one of the sufferers, half distracted at the cruel treatment and murder of her husband, trembling for her own safety, in tears begging permission to enter her husband's body—was refused. She was afterwards compelled to fly, with her orphan child, in an open skiff, for her personal security.

The same late was threatened to any person who should dare to cut down the bodies before the expiration of twenty-four hours. At eleven o'clock the next day they were cut down and thrown together into a hole which had been dug near the gallows, without coffins or any other preparation, except a box into which one of them was put.

Thus ended this disgusting and horrible occurrence. We understand the magistrates attempted to interfere, but were cautioned at their peril not to intermeddle in the affair.

We trust the Governor of Mississippi will take the most energetic measures to have this matter thoroughly investigated, and restore tranquility and peace to a city, which is at present distracted beyond measure. If such things are not speedily repressed, we may bid adieu to that liberty which our forefathers purchased with their blood, our venerable republic will crumble into dust, and verify the history of all preceding popular governments.

Insurrection of Slaves.—The following extract of a letter from Hinds county, Mississippi confirms the reports already published of an extensive and bloody conspiracy amongst the Slaves in the South-West:—

"I take a few moments from the awful distress and confusion existing here, to inform you that this (Hinds) and several adjoining counties, have been under arms, day and night, in our defence, expecting every moment to be burned or have our throats cut by the negroes. A dreadful alarm exists, particularly among the females. An insurrection has, it appears, been on hand among the negroes for the last six months, headed by white men. The massacre was to have commenced on the 4th of July.—Their plans were well laid, and no doubt but that thousands of the whites would have been murdered, had we not been saved, only a week before the time, by a faithful negro man, who was in all the secrets, and was to have been high in command, and who revealed to his master the whole plan; and to convince him of its reality, placed his master in a position where from his place of concealment, he could overlook one of their meetings, at which the whole scheme was discussed. A great many negroes were, in consequence, taken up in Madison county, from whom the committee

found out who the white leaders were.—About ten negroes, and five or six white men have been hung without any form or law or trial, except an examination before the examining committee. They are still going on trying and hanging. It appears, from a confession that Dr. Cotton made, that their route was to have commenced from some place above this, and to proceed thence through the principal towns, to Natchez, and then on to New Orleans, murdering all the white men and ugly women—sparing the handsome ones and making wives of them—and plundering and burning as they went. Dr. Cotton, after being condemned upon a negro's testimony, made a confession and disclosed the whole plan. He is an old confederate of a man by the name of Marrell, now in the Nashville Penitentiary."

From the Lincoln Virginian July, 23. Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Clinton Mississippi, to a gentleman in this place, dated, July 5, 1835.

"Our community is in a state of excitement, on the subject of an insurrection of the slaves. It seems probable that they contemplated it pretty generally, and that last night was the time fixed on for the purpose. In Madison county, they have hung two white men (both Steam doctors) and seven negroes at least.—About Livingston the excitement was greatest—the summary justice, however, of Mississippians, has probably quieted the spirit for years. Acting on the principles of 'salus populi suprema est lex' the good people of that place, and its vicinity appointed a committee to pass of the guilt or innocence of the accused, and they acted accordingly. The two whites were pronounced guilty yesterday, and after the sentence was announced, an hour was allowed them for preparation, when they were swung off.—One of them, under the gallows, acknowledged the justice of his fate, and stated that the plan was for a general rising that night from Benites Bluff in Madison, to Natchez: that the discovery there, would probably defeat it as to this part of the State, but that there would be a rising that night, so sure as the night should come &c. The whites appear to have been at the head of it and with the foolish hope of getting and carrying off plunder.

"We have heard nothing further this morning. The Post Master at Livingston sent notice to this place, so soon as there was a surmise of the apprehended agitation among the slaves, and it is possible it may be suppressed over the State. We are, however, uneasy here about the large plantations below—a day or two will remove or confirm those fears. Other white persons and slaves were under examination (for trial) before the court, at Livingston, last evening. We have not yet heard their fate."

From the Eastern Argus.

The Kennebec Journal asks our opinion as to the successors of Judge Marshall. We have been very explicit on that subject. We prefer Mr. TANEY, for the very reason which appears so offensive to the Journal—because he is a "strict constructionist." The Journal seems anxious to have Mr. Livingston appointed, and most of the Federal papers coincide in that wish. Why is this? Why is not Mr. TANEY satisfactory? It is because he is not what the Journal calls him a "federalist of the R. G. Harper school." If he were, we should not hear all this Federal clamor about him.—It is the Federal efforts wish to see Mr. Livingston at the head of that Court, the less they say about it the better for his success.

In relation to Mr. TANEY's appointment to the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, in New York Evening Post says:—"It is worthy of remark that while the prints of the federal aristocracy allege that Mr. Taney is a federalist, they yet oppose his being appointed Chief Justice with the utmost violence. It really believed him to be of the federal school in politics they would be glad to see him placed at the head of the Supreme Court.—The truth is, he is a thorough going democrat, and the only speck in his political history is, that he was once an opponent of the principles of democracy. But he has long since not only repented of that error of his youth, but richly atoned for it."

The Gloucester Democrat says:—"There is much speculation at present in relation to the Chief Justiceship. Mr. Taney is generally thought will be nominated for the office by the President. Some of the Democratic papers object to him on the ground that he is not democratic—but we cannot conceive what better evidence can be required for his attachment to Democratic principles of Government, than the able and fearless manner in which he braved the bank hirelings, during the memorable panic, and the unrelenting persecution of the Federal Bank party."

The Federal papers here, we have said, advocate the appointment of Mr. Livingston, if Mr. Webster cannot have it. In this they manifest their usual consistency. When it was rumored in 1832, that Mr. Livingston was to be sent to France, the Portland Gazette, could then see no objection to him but his "advanced age." Contrary to the usual course of things, the lapse of time seems at least not to have made him any older, for we hear nothing now of his "advanced age" as an objection to his appointment to an office which, perhaps more than any other, requires the highest exercise of the intellectual and physical energies of the incumbent.

West Point Academy. The Military Academy at West Point is continued at an annual expense to the government of about One hundred and eighteen thousand five hundred and sixty six dollars. Of this sum \$93,566 are expended for the pay of professors and the pay and subsistence of cadets, and 25,000 for Academic purposes. This immense amount of money is annually drawn from the public treasury and disbursed for the benefit of a few favored individuals. None but those who are the sons of influential parents, or who can procure the aid of some distinguished patrons, can enjoy the benefits of this institution. Thus many are educated at the public expense who are unfit for the public service, and who entertain no expectations of entering upon it. A system of favoritism has crept into the management of this establishment, which has excited the jealousy of the people, and were they consulted, it would be discontinued at once. If a military academy is required in this country, (of which we entertain much doubt) let one be established, the practice and policy of which are not subject to the objections which are justly made to West Point Academy as now organized. Let wealthy parents and influential patrons educate their children and wards at their own expense, and if the public bounty is to be lavished upon any, let it be upon those poor, but meritorious, young men, who give promises that they can and will render some service to their country. [Hartford Dem.]

"BACKING OUT."

The Federalists have been telling us with what enthusiasm Mr. Webster's nomination was received by the "Universal Whig party." But they won't "stay" enthusiastic. Gen. Harrison has already declared that he will not remain any longer a candidate for Vice President. This was a severe shock to the wigs. The rats seemed to be leaving the sinking ship. But a severe blow was still in reserve for them, and from a quarter whence they had every reason to look for nothing but kindness and support. Who would have expected Henry Clay to give the "godlike" slip, yet hear him publicly announce, at the Lexington dinner,—"Whilst I entertain decided preferences, I do not intend to make myself a partisan of any candidate. This resolution is due to my friends—to the relations in which I have stood to them, and to my own character." (!!!) Here is wig fidelity!—Poor Mr. Webster! Even Henry Clay thinks it too great a sacrifice of character to support such a candidate!

Port. Argus.

OMINOUS.

We advise our friends to have an eye on the Federal Convention about to assemble in Kennebec. We know not what they will do, but it will be something to make men stare. The Kennebec Journal says, "We must then fight it out manfully, stand fast by our integrity, (1) and when the hour of our returning reason, and consequent triumph, comes, as come it must, it will be a glorious recollection that on the verdant banks of the Kennebec, the banner of whig principles always floated on the breeze, sustained by the strong arms and stout hearts of the incorruptible Democracy. When the County Conventions meet—they will deliberate on the public exigency."

The Journal has laid out the work for a long life. We are sorry to hear that the federalists of Kennebec have lost their "reasons"; but we feared as much, last year, when we read the following resolution of the Augusta State Convention:—"Resolved, as the sense of this Convention, that opposition to the present national administration, is the first duty of every patriotic citizen; and that the best energies of the mind, the most ardent physical exertions, and the strongest moral powers shall be united, and co-operate to its overthrow."

All medical men, we believe, are now agreed, that too much physical exertion is injurious to mental vigor. But when the "strongest moral powers, the best energies of mind, and the most ardent physical exertions" are all in play at once, reason holds its supremacy by a feeble tenure, and it is not at all surprising, lamentable though it may be, that the federalists of Kennebec are in the melancholy condition the Journal describes.—Port. Argus.

Another Federal Lie nailed! The Kennebec Journal and other federal organs assert that Col. Johnson is an Atheist and a contributor to Abner Kneeland's paper in Boston. They all know or ought to have known, that statement to be utterly false. It was contradicted and refuted long before it made its appearance in the Kennebec Journal. The only foundation for the calumny was the fact that a Mr. R. M. Johnson wrote a letter which was published in Kneeland's paper. But the author of the calumny, when he read the letter, must have seen that it was dated at La Grange New York, and must have known that Col. Johnson was at that time in Kentucky.—The author of the letter is a Mr. R. M. Johnson residing in New York—the same good "Whig," probably that figured at the races last spring in New York, and whom the federal editors endeavored to palm off as the Democratic candidate for Vice Presidency. Col. Johnson is no more an Atheist than was Thomas Jefferson, and probably never saw a single copy of Kneeland's paper in his life.—The Age.

Mr. Van Buren is said to be ambitious, so are our politicians, generally. But he is "a magician," so are all of them, or would be, if they had his wand. He has been accused of intrigue, subdity, dishonesty, &c. But what has been proved against him? We have never seen anything of this kind proved. He has never been more honest than his accusers, or possessed some magic power truly, thus to have eluded all their searching operations. They

have certainly watched him closely enough.—Lynn Record.

The Record could not have asked the Whigs a more difficult question to answer, than the one contained in this paragraph. The charges made against Mr. Van Buren are all ways of a latitudinarian character, mere "words." The cant about ambition, subdity, &c. amounts to nothing, after all; for if you ask his traducers to point out a single act of his which justifies the application of such terms, they will show an uncontrollable desire to change the subject. The magic power which he possesses, and which has proved so eminently successful in securing for him the respect and confidence of the democracy of the nation—they would sell their right hands to obtain; but if it could be conveyed to them, with their present political characters and feelings, it would "perish in the using," whig soil is not adapted to its growth, and to attempt to sustain it there would be "love's labor lost." The Record is right about the careful watch which has been kept over Mr. Van Buren's conduct, both personal and political—he hardly changes his dicker, or looks into a newspaper, that the fact is not trumped forth in the Whig newspapers as evidence of his unfitness for the Presidency.—The importance sought to be attached to his minutest movements, shows the absolute want of any just cause of censure against him. If his public acts were not such as to defy censure, we should not find the *sansons* of the opposition press peering into the secrets of his domestic arrangements, and regaling their readers with the minutiae of his toilet.

It would be a very easy task to explain Mr. Van Buren's magic to the whigs—but it would not be available to them—they could not practice it. The foundation of this magic is laid in political integrity, in ability, industry and perseverance—commodities that do not change hands like the principles of the whigs, which are too truly "fancy stocks," subject to the action of political gamblers and speculators. We cannot say to the whigs, as the juggler does to his audience, "you can do this perfectly easy, if you only knew how?"—for, although we have let them into the secret of Mr. Van Buren's success, as we before remarked, they cannot avail themselves of its advantages. Accurately described by Mr. Clay as "meeting with every breeze, changing with every wind, any intent only on one unalterable purpose, to steer securely into the haven of power," of what use to them would be any chance of success where political integrity was required?

[Boston Statesman.]

Mr. Livingston's reception, and the undivided approbation which has been bestowed upon his official acts, will have a good effect on France; and, if we mistake not, have some influence in settling the question as to what constitutes an *apology*. The French nation cannot but see in the unanimous approval of the ground taken by Mr. Livingston, and the resolute determination to support it which has been evinced in every section of the Union, a little (or rather, not a little) of that spirit which actuated our fathers when they declared the country free, and pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor, to the support of that declaration. The French cabinet can read in the accounts of the public dinners at New York and Philadelphia, the policy which will govern this nation—and, if they are wise, they will suffer themselves to be influenced in a measure, by it. We have "millions for defence, for epology, nothing."—lb.

A Good Plan.—The Whigs, tired of all other plans to deceive the public as to their strength, are now negotiating for Dixon's Microscope, which magnifies six millions of times, for the purpose of letting every party through it, in order to impress them with a belief of the possibility of Mr. Webster's election to the Presidency.—lb.

A Friend of Mr. Adams, who writes for the Advocate, thinks that the friends of Mr. Adams will not, generally support Mr. Webster for the Presidency, in consequence of the treatment Mr. Adams has received from the leading presses and partisans of Mr. Webster. It is not long since the Atlas, a violent Webster and whig paper, called Mr. Adams a "renowned renegade."—lb.

Good News from Kentucky.—Mr. Clay recently made a speech at a dinner given to Poin-dexter by the citizens of Louisville, in the course of which he declared that he should not, under any circumstances, support Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency. Mr. V. B.'s friends will certainly be glad to hear it.—lb.

Concord (N. H.) Rail Road.—The stock for this road was all taken up last week. The Commissioners set out on Monday, upon their preliminary survey, and it is expected that the engineer will commence his labors in the course of two weeks.—lb.

Hostilities have been revived about the disputed territory between Michigan and Ohio.—The office of the Toledo (Ohio) Gazette has been demolished, and threats uttered that if resistance were offered, Toledo should be burnt to the ground. The account we have seen, charges the blame of these outrages upon the side of Michigan. The Journal of Commerce says, letters from Detroit give a statement of the same affair, and attribute all the blame to the other party. We may in a day or two, be enabled to elicit the truth, when we will be more minute, touching these outrages.

Port. Argus.

OXFORD
P
REPU

MARTIN

RICHIA

It is rather of our readers request, and for we have chosen to put it in our paper, and which we think both parties will, and from occasions not themselves.

SLAVERY.

ingly zealous to be a great emancipator, and to be the abettor of the threatened revolution of paper and appeals, which we are always of any plan to the exertions. Perhaps it is a little too much to expect, but we think it is a good thing to see, lest our own act rather good, cause be in its promotion. That immediate is by no means the consequence otherwise we are the probable result of looking at it would condition free. If this point is reason to weigh ourselves in the purpose of immediate dissolution, we regard the union of slight importance, and schemes. There is no such thing as west. Will you please states, and de-emancipation and suppose next? The w equally. If oppressed, we extermination only in blood. Our cure on assign, which describe some much of their incendiary purposes have not been necessary to the good to atone for. We hope that train the zeal of consequences.

TRAVELLING.

elling are so many not to be in a matter of fact, have been made in this respect reason why they he from morning twelve years ago, least by one of in Portland instead of staying do. We think sengers would it might occur. And then we from Augusta, five miles, which Now passengers ly as on the dis too we think an improvement what can be d

LYNCH LAW.

found the pro to in doing to bera and despatch. Such p sometimes have means without tempt to justify is sometimes reached by the hand and of aban conceiv being the life tion, as has been such proceeding purity, and innocent. It which to puni may have been were entitled to be entitled to the severest of good order regret that was of sufficient in. This affair was Government at Vicksburg cases.

Rev. DANIEL

Sunday, at 4 dressed more ance of religio

The Ken

tell falsehood account of "whitewash" Senate to the We stated well they received, to prove the extravagance ers that "the few him Post Office &c. The bount the "think his ci falsehood

For freight or passage, apply to
E. R. MUDGE,
 Corner of Middle & Union Streets.
 Portland, May 11, 1835. 1f 48

THE RAILROAD. The work goes bravely on. As we stated in our paper yesterday, the whole stock for the completion of a rail road from Portsmouth to Newburyport, was taken at the former place in less than twenty-four hours after the paper was opened, and \$100,000 more would have been had if desired. The whole stock for a road from Salem was taken up more than a week since, and the whole amount required for a road from here to Salem, will be taken this week. The whole route will probably be surveyed this summer, and if charters are obtained at the session of the Legislature in September next, there will be nothing to prevent the commencement of the work on the whole line by the middle of October next. This is the question settled.

[Newburyport Herald.]

The decisions of Judge Yell, the newly appointed circuit judge of Arkansas, are said to give general satisfaction there. It is asserted that he displays great energy, and makes the parties all "stand up to the rack, flogger or no flogger." He must be a screamer.

Swallowing.—A young man, after entering into a marriage engagement, communicated the circumstances to a friend with the name of his intended bride.

"Indeed," said his friend, "you are aware she has been a mother, but not a wife?"

"Yes, but I love her well enough to swallow that."

"What is worse, she has two children."

"The lover scratched his head—"

"I did not know that," said he "but I love her well enough to swallow that."

"Still more," said his informant, "the last was a black one."

"If I swallow that, d—n me."—Good!

John Randolph's Will. Our readers are generally aware that this eccentric man left two wills—one dated in 1822, by which his slaves were emancipated, and the other in 1832 constituting a son of a Mr. Bryant his heir and superceding of course the provisions of the former will. The first question presented to the General Court was upon the validity of the last will. A great mass of testimony was adduced. On Monday of last week, the General Court gave its decision, and the will was admitted to Probate by a majority of one, there being six judges in favor and five against. An appeal was taken by the unsuccessful party, Henry St. George Randolph nephew of the Testator, to the Court of Appeals.

[The Age.]

BAGGING PERVERSE HORSES.—Did you ever harness up an old horse, in a great hurry to go past hasty somewhere or other, and after taking the reins and giving the whip a crack, finding him loping his ears, putting his lips, and bracing himself as if he thought the whole universe depended upon the strength of his breeching? We dare say you have, and no doubt fell to thumping and mauling him. But only put his head in an old bag, tie it on that it may not get off, and he will go ahead like chain lightning.

A BORE.—"I want to see some of your gimblets," said a greenhorn one day as he entered a hardware store. The dealer took down several parcels, neither of which suited. "Well, then, what kind do you want? here is almost every variety." "Why, darn it, I want them what bores square holes."

To the Honorable County Commissioners for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned would respectfully represent, that the public accommodation requires that a new county road leading from the dwelling house of Samuel Barker, in Rumford, to the dwelling house of Joseph Whitman in Woodstock, be opened, and that the County Commissioners, in said County, commencing at Concord River Bridge near said Samuel Barker's house, thence through Township No. Two, thence through the town of Bethel by the house of Andrew to Hamlin's Gore, thence by the house of Peter Kimball to the line of Woodstock, thence to the out let of Little Androscoggin River, and thence down said river to the line of Greenwood, thence down said river to the line of Paris, and thence down said river to the County road near said Stowell's Mills in Paris;—Or commencing at said Concord River Bridge near said Samuel Barker's house, thence through Township No. Two, thence through the town of Bethel by the house of Andrew to Hamlin's Gore, thence by the house of Peter Kimball to the line of Woodstock, thence to the out let of Little Androscoggin River, and thence down said river to the line of Greenwood, thence down said river to the line of Paris, and thence down said river to the County road near said Stowell's Mills in Paris. Wherefore your petitioners pray, your Honors, after due notice in the premises, to view said roads and locate the said new road in the place your Honors shall deem most advisable, and as in duty bound will ever pray,

JAMES SMALL, & 37 others.

State of Maine.

Oxford, ss: At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for said County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of June, A. D. 1835.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Samuel Barker in said Rumford on Tuesday the sixth day of October next, at nine o'clock A. M. when they will proceed to view the routes set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view at some convenient place in the vicinity will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attest copies of said Petition of this Order of Notice thereon to be served on the Clerks of each of said Towns and Townships, through which said route passes, if such Clerks there be, and on the County Clerks of said County of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said Towns and Townships, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, and in the Eastern Argus a newspaper published at Portland in the County of Cumberland by the Printer to the State, the first of said publications & each of the others notices to be made, served and posted, at least, thirty days before the time of said meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest—R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.
Attest—R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE, Greenwood.

NOTICE is hereby given to the owners and non-resident proprietors of the following described land, situated in the Town of Greenwood, County of Oxford and State of Maine, that they are taxed in the bills submitted to me to collect for the year 1834, in the sum following, viz: In the Mothers and Haskell's Grant, so called, in the south part of the town.

Owner's Name	No. of Lots	Acres	Value	Tax for 1834	Do. for 1835
Formerly to J. Haskell, East end	3	50.35	.01	.91	
Amos Town, North end	3	50.35	.01	.91	
do do	4	25.72	.02	.72	
In the South part of the town, Phillips Academy Grant, so called					
Unk. formerly J. Merrill	12	2.23	.26	.67	
John Darcy, South part	3	50.35	.01	.91	
Unk. do	3	100.70	.02	.72	
do formerly to Stephen Stinson	5	2.80	1.56	1.56	
In the North part of the town, called Raymond's Grant					
Unk. formerly Cobb	9	2.10	.12	.31	
do do	2	3.10	.25	.65	
do do	2	6.10	.25	.65	
Amos Town, do	3	9.10	.25	.65	
Unk. do	1	1.10	.15	.39	
do formerly M'Lellen Elder	11	5.10	.12	.31	
do do to Riggs	1	8.10	.10	.26	
do do	6	9.10	.10	.26	
do do	1	1.10	.15	.39	
Amos Town, Unk. formerly S. Partridge	11	1.10	.25	.65	
Unk. do	2	5.10	.25	.65	
do do	2	1.10	.15	.39	
do do	5	6.10	.10	.26	

Unless said taxes with all necessary intervening charges shall be paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Tuesday the 10th day of November next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said land as shall be necessary to pay the same will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Tavern of William Noyes, Esq. in said Greenwood.

JOSEPH STEVENS, Collector of Greenwood.
Greenwood, July 27, 1835.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE, Oxford.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Oxford, Co. of Oxford, that the following lots of land in said town, are taxed for the year 1834, for State, County and Town Taxes, in bills submitted to me, the subscriber, to collect, as follows, viz:

Range	Lots	Acres	Taxes
Thos Russell	9	18	176
Eastman lot	3	16	100
North part	9	13	40
John Bowley	3	4	100
J. Robertson	3	4	100
Heirs of Samuel Rowson	2	10, 11, 12	435

And unless said taxes, and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, on or before Saturday the 14th day of November next, I shall proceed to sell at public auction, at the store of James Brown, in said Oxford, all of the land in the afternoon, so much of said lands as will be sufficient to discharge said taxes and charges.

MARMADUCE MASTERMAN, Collector of Oxford for 1835.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on execution and to be sold at public vendue, on Saturday the twenty-ninth day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the inn of Levi Abbott, in Bethel, in said County, all the right in equity, which Asa Rowe of said Bethel, Joier, has to redeem a certain piece or parcel of real estate, situated in said Bethel, near the Mills owned by Jesse Cross;—and on which is situated a tenement, formerly owned by Moses T. Cross for a Fulling Mill. A more particular description of the premises to be given at the time and place of sale.

AARON CROSS, Deft. Sh. R.
Bethel, July 13, 1835.

Executor's Sale.

PURSUANT to License from the Hon. Judge of Probate of Wills, within and for the County of Oxford, there will be sold at public vendue, on Saturday the 12th day of September next, at the dwelling house of Ansel Cushman in Hebron, at two o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, and interest which Caleb Cushman, late of said Hebron, deceased, had in and to the homestead farm of which he died seized. Also pew No. 7, on the ground and floor of the said Meeting house in said Hebron.

Executor of the last Will and Testament of Hebron, July 29, 1835. Caleb Cushman.

Advertisement.

THIS day committed to me, the Subscriber, Found Keeper of the town of Norway, by Simon Stevens, a Stray Mare, taken in the enclosure of William Foster, doing damage;—said mare is of a red colour with a white stripe in her face, and two white feet. The owner is hereby notified to pay what is legally and justly demanded and take the same away.

July 9, 1835. JAMES FLINT.

Notice.

STRAYED from the subscriber, on or about the 30th of June, Six this year's CALVES, five of them red and the other a line back, two of them steers and the others heifers. Whoever will secure them and return them to the owner, shall be liberally rewarded.

Paris, July 31, 1835. HENRY PRENTISS.

New Establishment.

THE subscribers have purchased the entire Stock in the Store recently occupied by Thomas Crockett, Esq. on Paris-kill, and have entered into Partnership under the firm of

S. CROCKETT & CO.

They have on hand and will continue to keep a full and extensive assortment of Foreign & Domestic GOODS, which they will sell on as good Terms as can be purchased in this or any other place in the vicinity. They will be happy to wait with promptitude and facility on all those who may favor them with a call.

SEWALL CROCKETT, GODFREY G. WATERHOUSE.

Paris, April 27, 1835. If 37

JUST RECEIVED, & FOR SALE

CHEAP!!!

A large assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, and Satinets, by S. CROCKETT, & Co.

May 12.

JOB WORK,

Executed with neatness

and despatch at this

O. FICE

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE, Fryeburg.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in Fryeburg in the County of Oxford, that the same are taxed in the bills submitted to me, the subscriber, Collector of said Fryeburg for the year 1834, in the respective sums following, to wit:

Names of Owners	No. of Lots	No. of Acres	Value	Tax
Richard Russell, supposed owner of 1 Saw Mill	1	500	4.11	
R. Russell, r't of Wm. Eaton, Jr.	31	200	1.76	
Unk. r't of John Chandler, Jr.	22	300	2.61	
" of Moses Day	1-3	150	1.32	
" of Abel Chandler	15	140	550	4.80
" of McMillan	11	100	200	1.76
" John Evans	5	200	1.76	
" David Evans	1-2	30	26	
" Ezekiel Walker	3	30	26	
Heirs of Beza Tucker supposed owners, r't of A. McMillan	5	50	600	5.20
" Benj. Russell part of 26	6	0	120	1.40
Job C. Lord supposed owner	27	70	480	4.22
" of Ezekiel Walker	23	15	45	.39
Unk. r't of John Charles p't of 4	7	15	45	.39
" of Joseph Frye	53	4	150	1.32
James Lord supposed owner, Oreland	1-12	80	70	
Unk. r't of Ezekiel Walker	1-4	125	1.10	
" of H. Weston, part of 4	30	59	200	1.76
" of Benj. Barker	43	63	140	1.22
" John Stark	6	60	450	3.90
Smith & Briggs supposed owners, r't of Mark Stacy	22	3	103	324
Unk. r't of John Evans, upland	1	40	100	.85
" of Benj. Russell, N. Side 6	27	270	2.37	
" A. McMillan, upland	150	150	1.32	
" John Chandler, S. part 19	17	221	1.94	
" A lot adjoining the Moses Ames lot and lot No. 41, laid to the right of David Page, and adjoining the lot of John Evans formerly owned by John Evans				
Unk. House & lot formerly owned by Moses Patten		900	7.90	
James Thomas, supposed owner, lot near Wm. Haley's	5	50	130	1.45
Unk. r't of S. Farrington		300	2.61	
Ivory H. Pike supposed owner, House and lot near Kimball	39	15	60	.52
Unk. r't of James Hazletine	39	33	105	.92
" Lot laid out on upper Keizer river to complete the rights of Moses Day		250	2.16	
Robert Gibson, supposed owner, 7-9 of a house, barn, and land	1	4	92	400
Unk. right of Ezra Coster	60	5	129	1.05
" E. Colby	41	25	200	1.76
" of David Page, part of Lewis land and buildings	40	100	.85	
Unk. r't of Moses Ames	39	100	.85	
" of Oliver Peabody	5	3	100	.85
" of Samuel Lugall	22	3	100	.85
" Lot formerly owned by David Webster supposed owner, (School District tax) Store and lot at the corner	6	26	520	1.43
" of Joseph Frye	13	49	265	.73
" John Webster	8	47	200	.55
Unk. r't of Samuel Osgeod adj. to the above	9	35	104	.29
Unk. r't of Moses Ames adjoining the above	3	82	187	.52
Unk. Minister right	10	3	88	.24
" of Philip Eastman	49	1	44	132
" Moses Ames	4	2	49	139
" David Page	3	2	41	123
" John Evans	1	2	41	123
" Samuel Osgeod	2	2	42	124
" Abraham Bradley	6	2	40	120
" Benj. Russell	5	2	41	123
" Stephen Farrington	4	3	30	102
" John Clark	12	5	30	90
" John Evans	1	2	42	124
" John Charles	4	5	40	80
" Moses Ames	5	5	40	80
" James Clement	10	5	35	105

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Tuesday the 10th day of November next, so much of said land as shall be necessary to discharge said taxes and charges, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the Tavern of Samuel Southier, in said Fryeburg, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

BENJ. NYMAN, Collector of Fryeburg for 1834.
Fryeburg, May 20, 1835.

5000 IN PRIZES.

THE publishers of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier—of which nearly twenty thousand copies are circulating—are anxious to render their paper as superior in the quality of its contents as it is already admitted to be surpassing in size and cheapness, offer the following premiums:

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best Essay on Newspaper Management and Influence; with such suggestions as may be most likely to promote their usefulness and independence, secure the payment of bills, and advance generally the interests of publishers.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best Original Tale, which shall be throughout American in its subject, incidents, and sentiments; and which, in its moral and patriotic tendency, may be calculated to exercise the most salutary influence.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best series of familiar and popular Medical Essays, not exceeding thirteen in number, on the prevention and cure of diseases, and the promotion and preservation of Health; and, as connected with so important a subject, the evils arising from ignorance, error and quackery.

FIFTY DOLLARS for the best National Song; something worthy of the American muse, and that shall excite in the breast of the reader a glow of patriotic enthusiasm.

FIFTY DOLLARS for the best Satirical Review of the Foreign travelers and scribblers of the Fiddler and Trollop school.

FIFTY DOLLARS for the best Poem.

The balance of Fifty Dollars will be reserved to defray the expense of furnishing a free subscription to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier to each unsuccessful candidate whose production may be deemed worthy of being published.

All communications intended for competition will be sent to the several Committees of examination on the first of January next, and the awards will be announced immediately thereafter. The Committee of Examination will consist of the first literary gentlemen in Philadelphia, whose names will be published with their decision.

All articles received will become the property of the publishers. No communication taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

WOODWARD & CLARKE, Philadelphia.

Lady's Fancy Hdks.

SEWING SILK, RAW SILK, and CRAWPE HDKS. for sale by S. CROCKETT, & Co.

Paris, May 10, 1835.

CALICOES—For Sale.

Yards CALICO just rec'd, from 10 to 37 1-2 cts per yd. by S. CROCKETT, & Co.

May 12, 1835.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE MUSEUM.

THE proprietor of Little's Museum of Foreign Literature, Science and Art, has determined to dispose of the remaining sets of the back volumes at a very reduced price, one half only of the original subscription. He thus offers to Library Companies, Reading Rooms, and to gentlemen forming collections of books, an opportunity of purchasing twenty large and extremely valuable miscellaneous volumes, at a price far below their cost or value; an opportunity which must necessarily be of short duration, and which cannot occur again. The following terms will not be deviated from if orders are received within the present year, 1835, beyond which period the proprietor will not be bound by the present notice.

1. Sets of twenty complete volumes will be supplied in numbers for \$30 00 cash.

2. Sets of twenty complete volumes neatly half bound in blue or red morocco for \$40 00 cash.

The purchaser who orders bound sets may have his or her name printed in gold on the back without any additional charge.—The Museum consists of the best selections from the entire range of British periodical literature; Reviews, Essays, Tales, Poetry, &c., and it may emphatically be asserted that no periodical ever published retains its interest, or that the back volumes bear the same relative value as the Museum.

The back sets of twenty volumes remaining on hand are not numerous, and are rapidly going off. Address ADAM WALDIE, Philadelphia.

Sheriff's Notice.

Oxford, ss: PURSUANT to Warrants from Asa Redington, Jr. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, requiring me to collect the Taxes assessed on the following Townships and tracts of Unimproved Lands, situated in the County of Oxford, for the year A. D. 1834, in the respective sums as follows, viz:—

Township No. 1, Letter A. \$ 3.94

" No. 2, 3d Range, " 2.94

" Chandra's Gore, " 1.10

" Surplus of Co., " 1.25

" Andover Surplus, North, " 1.65

" Township No. 7, " 2.09

" Seven twelfths of No. 1, " 3.54

" No. 4, 2d Range, " 2.32

" South half No. 1, 4th Range, " 2.45

" No. 5, 1st Range, " 4.45

" Howard's Gore, " 8.27

" No. 5, 2d Range, " 2.19

" D. to J. Gardiner, " 1.41

" No. 3d Range, " 2.00

" One twelfth of No. 1, 6th Range, " .32

" One fourth of No. 5, 5th Range, " .81

I hereby give notice that unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are previously paid to me, the subscriber, so much of said townships and tracts of unimproved lands will be sold at Public Vendue at the Court House in Paris, in said County, on THURSDAY, the 13th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in which will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

ALDEN BLOSSOM, Sheriff of Oxford County.
Tanner, June 17, 1835. cwtw:43-45

State of Maine.

LAND OFFICE.
Bangor, June 30, 1835.

NOTICE is hereby given, that all demands due the State for Timber and Timber Lands, which remain unpaid the first day of September next, will be put in suit. From and after that date, all demands will be collected as soon as due. The interest on all other demands will also be exacted.

JOHN HODGDON, Land Agent.

"All the papers in Washington, Hancock, Waldo, Penobscot, and Somerset, the Age and Enterprise Journal, the Eastern Argus, the Oxford Democrat, and the Bangor Democrat, will please publish this notice once a week till the first day of September next."

Guardian's Sale.

BY virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, State of Maine, the subscriber, as Guardian of JOSEPH B. WALKER, minor son of the late Joseph Walker, late of Concord, in the County of Androscoggin, and State of New-Hampshire, gentleman, deceased, will sell at Public Auction at the inn of the seven corners, in Rumford, in said County of Oxford, on the seventeenth day of September next, at one o'clock A. M. the following lots and parcels of land, viz:—

Numbers 19, 20, 21, and 22, of twenty acre lots in the First Division of Lots in said Rumford. Numbers 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, of eighty acre lots in the same Division. Also, Nos. 21, 27, 30, 35, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, of hundred acre lots in the Second Division of said Rumford. Also, the following tracts of land in the Third Division of lots in said Rumford, viz: 60 acre lot numbered 18, 70 acre lot numbered 30, 85 acre lot numbered 41, 60 acre lot numbered 42, 72 acre lot numbered 46, 60 acre lot numbered 61, 150 acre lot numbered 21, 63 acre lot numbered 91, 100 acre lot numbered 111, 35 acre lot numbered 112. Also, one half of the hundred acre lot numbered 12.